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**EXCURSION DEPARTMENT, THE MIRROR
MARION, OHIO.**

WHAT WAS WRONG

His First Experience with a Motor Car.
By G. F. MORGAN.

There was no doubt about it, they were stuck. He varied the mixture, adjusted the spark, shifted and rearranged everything in sight, and cranked with an energy born of despair. No use. He thought of everything he had been told by the man who gave him lessons. He seemed to remember dimly something about a part under the seat which might need adjustment. He took out both seats and adjusted every knob and screw which was movable. Still no results. He wished now he had not felt so confident about being able to run the auto without the assistance of the man, and he also devoutly wished he had not brought her with him on this first trial trip.

He crawled cautiously under the machine and looked around. He had forgotten what a good many of the things there were for. However, nothing was lying out of place that he could see. He hesitated between lying and making a clean breast of it. Finally he decided on the latter.

He emerged from beneath the car and stood up.

"I'm awfully sorry," he explained, regretfully, "but something seems to have gone wrong."

"So it appears," she remarked. Her tone lacked enthusiasm. The day was somewhat cold, and they had been there about an hour. Besides, he had a black smudge across his nose, and he was moist and unpleasant. A man does not appear at his best when he crawls out from beneath a balky car.

"It's evident," he went on, "that they hadn't put the machine in proper shape when I took it out. That's

the-way with these fellows, you know. They let you take a car when it's all out of whack, and then the first thing you know, it breaks down with you."

He was warming to the subject. No doubt this talk was shifting the blame most successfully.

"You bet I'll give it to those fellows when I see them," he continued. "There ought to be some law to prevent their sending out machines which they're not in order. This sort of thing is a disgrace to a decent garage. The Automobile club ought to take it up."

She murmured assent, but it was evident she was occupied, not so much with the theory, as with the condition which confronted them.

He looked over all the available parts again, and then cranked till he was black in the face. Nothing doing.

"I suppose there's nothing else for it," he observed, finally. "I shall have to go and 'phone somewhere. You bet I'll make it hot for them, too. These fellows ought to be arrested. I guess I'd better walk back to that house we passed, and 'phone the garage to send a man to fix the thing. Will you come, or do you prefer to stay in the car?"

She preferred the car, and he started off alone.

He was back in an hour and twenty minutes, and with him an expert from the garage, who had come out with his repair kit in a runabout.

"There, there's your machine," he observed, in virtuous indignation. "Stack, you see. Just pulled up to get my hat, and the blame thing absolutely refuses to start. I don't know what's the trouble. If the machine had been sent out in proper order it should never have happened."

The expert made a hasty examination. Then he grinned broadly.

"I guess there ain't much the matter," he observed.

"There isn't? Well, I'd like to know what you call it. I've worked on her for about two hours, and she don't budge an inch. What's wrong?"

The expert grinned still more broadly.

"She'll run all right if you treat her right," he explained. "Why don't you take off the brakes?"

Capital "Society" Busy. Washington society people are plunged into a mad struggle for pleasure. Even Sundays are overworked.

Admiral Dewey gives things at the Country club on Sundays—the best in days and everything else is good enough for the admiral—and the John M. McLeans have turned on their brilliant Sunday luncheons to society in edition de luxe, at their fascinating "Friendship." But even the unpurged and the great unwashed are welcome every day to the splendid grounds of "Friendship." Unless you are an automobile or a dog, against which there is special discrimination, the McLeans place no restrictions upon the public enjoyment of their vast acres, the most beautiful sweep of land near Washington, baronial in its extent. The quaint old house itself, once a monastery, is surrounded by a "monk's walk," outlined in box bushes. There is a long pergola, wistaria laden, an ancient fountain and other poetic accessories that inspire.

"Getting Even." In savings banks it is customary to require a new depositor to sign an identification blank. In a certain savings bank recently a woman was somewhat unwilling to comply with this request. "What is your husband's name?" asked the clerk. "My husband's name is Peter Jones. What is your wife's name?" snapped the fair depositor.

TRAINING THE BOY

ONE SYSTEM THAT HAS HAD GOOD RESULTS.

Youngster Was Put on His Honor at an Early Age, and Father is Satisfied the Method is Good.

My boy was really a pretty good sort. Perhaps if he hadn't been he would not have turned out well under my system; but, then, if he hadn't been a good sort I wouldn't have proceeded on that system. I watched him carefully before I decided that it would be wise to do as I did, says a writer in the New York Press.

When he was about seven years old I caught him in a lie. He was trying to hide a trivial, childish offense, and I was more amused than shocked, but, wishing to be sure of my ground, I told his mother he was lying. She would not believe it at first, but, becoming convinced she was for whipping him.

"Leave him to me," I said. "We will have no more whipping. He is old enough now for different treatment." Then I took him aside and talked to him somewhat after the following fashion:

"You and I are going to have a great deal to do with each other as long as we both live, and it is best that we understand each other from the start. I want you to know positively that so long as you do right I am going to be your best friend on earth, aside from your mother. It makes no difference what trouble you may get into, I shall always stand by you as long as you remember what I am now telling you. But there are two things you must never forget. You mustn't tell a lie, and you mustn't do anything else that you don't think a gentleman would do."

"You know the difference now between a gentleman and another man, and you will learn it more definitely later on. But the one important thing now is not to lie. If you lie to me I will be pretty sure to find it out, and you will have to get out of your trouble yourself the best way you can. I will not lift a finger to help you."

I went over this ground again and again as carefully as I could. In language fitted to his years, until he thoroughly understood me, and I was satisfied that he would not forget it. And from that day, 18 years ago, until now, I have never added a syllable to what I then told him. I have never caught him in a lie or doing an ungentlemanly thing. He trusts me absolutely and comes to me often for counsel, but all I do when it touches general principles is to reiterate those two rules. I have never even suggested religious training to him, believing that neither I nor anyone else has the right to influence him in his own choice. I have never punished him since he was ten, and then only by keeping him in the house for some trifling disobedience. I have never since he was 12 said: "You must not."

I have never interfered with any of his plans, or denied him anything he wanted that it was reasonably possible to get for him.

Result: He is a clean, healthy minded, young man, with faults, but no serious ones that I can discover, and he still lives with me. He cared little for school and his education in books, while it is fair, is not what I would like it to be, but on the other hand he picks up practical, outside knowledge with wonderful facility and accuracy, being a natural mechanic and business man.

When he was 21 I had despaired of his future. He had never given me any trouble, but he seemed to amount to nothing. He had not found, and I could not find for him, the right place. He was barely earning his living, but there seemed to be no prospect of more.

When he was 23, still working for a small salary, he seemed to wake up. He and a chum started a small commission business, working at it after office hours. In six months' time he gave up his salary. Six months later he bought out his partner. Within the next year he bought his own plant and is now doing a fine business with seven high-priced employees. In a few years he will be rich.

He is a gentleman. He does not lie. I am satisfied.

Wanderings of a Seagull.

On Oct. 28 last there was shot at Oushy, on Lake Lemán, a seagull, aged about 16 months, which was found to be wearing on its claw a silver ring engraved with the words "Vogel Station, Rositten 20." Rositten is situated on the Lido of the Courland lagoon, between Königsberg and Memel, in the Baltic, 1,500 kilometers from the Lake of Geneva. M. Florel, of Lausanne, communicated with Dr. J. Thienemann, director of the ornithological station at Rositten. According to the latest notes the full No. 20 was hatched there and was marked with the ring when a few weeks old, before it could fly, on July 4, 1905. It seems probable that it had thus made two winter migrations before it fell a victim to the human barbarian.—New York Herald.

Making Reparation.

In some unaccountable manner little Frank had spilled a bottle of ink on his grandmother's carpet. "I'm awful sorry," he apologized, "but—thinking of his little savings bank—"I'll buy you another bottle, grandma."

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One Way Round It.

A minister says that one Saturday he was strolling along the shaded bank of a pretty stream when, unobserved, he approached a group of small boys, who were comfortably clad in jacket and trousers only. One freckled face little fellow stepped to the edge of the bank, turned his back to his companions and said: "Say, one of you fellows push me in, will yer?" "What for?" his chums demanded in chorus. "Aw, me mudder made me promise I wouldn't go in swimmin', go on an' push!" the conscientious youth replied.

Diplomatic Salesman.

An elderly woman entered a shop and asked to be shown some tablecloths. The salesman brought a pile and showed them to her, but she said she had seen those elsewhere—nothing suited her. "Haven't you something new?" she asked. The man then brought another pile and showed them to her. "These are the newest patterns," he said. "You will notice the edge runs right round the border and the center is in the middle." "Dear

me, yes. I will take half a dozen of them," said the woman.

Cheap Trimming for Fall Hats.

One sees handsome, dark colored flowers which have been rejected as too heavy looking by the buyers of summer finery at greatly reduced prices in the millinery departments. Autumn hats are far prettier trimmed with these flowers and foliage than with feathers and wings, and the long winter season affords plenty of time for employing the latter decorations.

The Tunic Skirt.

The tunic skirt, which reminds one very much of the old-fashioned overskirt, is made with deep points which reach to the knee line. A pretty arrangement for the bottom of the upper skirt portion is to have the points developed in tucks. This work must be carefully done, but is very beautiful as a border edge when carefully fashioned. Of course the waist should be tucked to match the skirt tucks, and this is easily accomplished by making a surplus waist with tucks down the front.

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